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O. PALMER,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, JAN. 6, 1910.

VOLUME XXXII.

NUMBER 3

**THEY
DISAPPROVED
OF HER**

"I've seen her off the stage," said the girl with the new mop coiffure, addressing the others at the bridge table; "and she is a perfect sight. Her complexion is painfully made up. It's my deal, I believe. I hope it will be no trumper."

"Well, we sat next to us in a box at the theater the other night and of all the concealed people!" declared the girl with the Russian blouse. "She acted as if everybody in the place had come just to look at her. Oh, yes, it's my lead, isn't it?"

"Did you ever see such a mass of pure gold hair in your life?" put in the girl with the velvet shoes, arranging the dummy hand. "It seems too bad that it is a work of art instead of a work of nature. She has it done at the same beauty parlor. I do I mean where I have my hair shampooed."

"Why, I heard it was a perfectly beautiful wig," said the girl with the Russian blouse. "She fixes all the braids and curlis first and then just draws it on."

"Pardon me; you revoked on that trick!" politely said the girl with the Russian blouse. "I should think it would show around the edges or that it would slip. I think she has the most wonderful eyes and eyelashes of any actress on the stage."

"Yes, but they are dyed," declared the girl with the velvet shoes. "They say her eyes were very small and she had some kind of wonderful operation in Germany and the corners of her eyes were slit and that made them big and long. I wonder how she dyes her eyelashes?"

"Dips them into the ink bottle probably," flippantly suggested the girl who was pivoting as dummy because she didn't know the game. "Did you ever hear what made her feet so small?"

"No one had heard."

"She was born that way," solemnly declared the girl who didn't know the game. "She never had slices taken of them."

"What a humorist!" sniffed the girl with the mop coiffure. "It's too bad that some people we know weren't so fortunate. I think I'll try this a heart, for we must win this rubber partner."

"It is almost sad to think that anybody with such a refined face could have such a dreadful cigarette habit," mourned the girl with the Russian blouse. "Why, do you know?" lowering her voice and looking carefully around the room for possible eavesdroppers, "I heard the other day that she refused to go on when it was her cue—the opening night—because somebody had mislaid her cigarette case. She insisted that the show would have to wait until she found her cigarettes. Maybe that's what makes her so droopy and languid in that last act where everybody just has to cry. I wept buckets!"

"Well, when she wasn't smoking or drying her eyelashes or pulling on her wig did you ever hear what she was doing?" inquired the girl who didn't know the game, with a little sneaky glint in her eyes. "My cousin's chin has been her understudy for the past year and her closest friend. She told me that this dreadful person was the most lovable woman she had ever known. Every Sunday she makes the round of certain charitable institutions and sings for the crippled and orphans and they all adore her. She has two little proteges that she is helping to perfect their musical education. She has supported an invalid sister for years, and has sent her everywhere for her health. She bought a home for her mother and she told my sister's chum that this year she would be able to get out of debt if she could manage to keep up through the season."

"It's just what I should have expected of her," declared the girl with the Russian blouse, ardently. "I've always adored her and I'm going to have my evening gown made like that apricot gown of hers."

"The hairdresser vowed and declared that my hair was done exactly the way she has hers done," affirmed the girl with velvet shoes.

"Let's all go down to see her again," suggested the girl with the mop coiffure. "We've done nothing but rave over her since I saw her. I'm so sorry, partner, that I trumped your ace."

"You might take your opera glasses next time and sit in the front row," sweetly advised the girl who didn't know the game.

New Use for Liquid Air.

Certain diseases of the skin have been treated by the application of the intensely cold liquid air. Cotton wool, wound lightly on the end of a rod, is dipped into the double-walled glass flask of liquid air and then pressed lightly on the affected part of the skin.

The skin freezes and becomes inflamed and from ten to twenty days the morbid growths are off. The liquid air is inexpensive and it also acts therapeutically.

Australians the Tea Drinkers.

The figures showing the amount of tea annually consumed by a head of the population indicate that the tea drinkers of Great Britain must give way to those of Australia, who use no less than 7.5 pounds a person every year.

In the United Kingdom the amount is about a pound less, namely: 6.03 pounds a head—and then we have Canada, 4 pounds; Holland, 4.4 pounds; United States, 1.3 pounds; Magazine of Commerce.

The Return Visit

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ROMANCE OF THE MISSIONARY

Nothing in History Finer Than the Work Done by These Civilization Pickets.

About the missionary of today—and I have ridden with him, boot to boot, in a score of lands—there is scant remainder of the somber-garbed, psalm-singing, nasal-voiced, narrow-minded proselytizer who has been made the butt of jokes in comic supplements from time immemorial. The American missionary of the present, clean cut and college-bred, comes from another mold. He is as carefully trained as the consular or the commercial traveler, though on broader and more comprehensive lines. When he starts for his new field, he is something more than a theologian and a preacher. He has had an agricultural course and can plow and sow and reap after the most approved fashion; or he knows something of manual industry and can install a dynamo or set up a ram; or perhaps he is going out as a medical missionary, in which case Goldsmith's ignorance didn't prevent him writing a very popular natural history.

Brander Matthews, the brilliant critic, said at a dinner in Brooklyn of a dramatist:

"His success is due to his knowledge of melodrama, not to his knowledge of the human heart. His knowledge of the human heart, in fact, is no profounder than Oliver Goldsmith's knowledge of natural history was."

"Goldsmith's ignorance didn't prevent him writing a very popular natural history.

Why Li Hung-Chang Altered Style of His Luncheons Given to Sir Robert Hart.

The book which Miss Juliet Breton has written about her uncle, Sir Robert Hart, the "Grand Old Man of China," for many years in charge of the imperial customs service, is full of characteristic and entertaining stories. Among them is the following:

One of the most influential of Sir Robert's Chinese friends was the great

Li Hung-Chang. The diplomat liked

Li's household because of the simplicity he found there—no wearisome

courses at dinner, but fish and, per-

haps, a chicken with rice. Incuriously,

as it turned out, he praised this

frugality to his own Chinese servant,

for the remark reached Li's ears in

a distorted form. Next time Sir Robert went there he had to face a grand

ceremonial banquet.

"You shall not have the chance to

go away and say that you have been fed like a coocie in my house," said the viceroy, proudly, at the end of the banquet.

"Nevertheless, the very simplicity of

your hospitality was what I most ap-

preciated," Sir Robert replied. "But

if you believe that I could have made

any such remark, and if you persist

in altering the style of my reception, I

shall not come to lunch with you

again."

Let me out, Mr. Whitelingstall!

Let me out! I'll do for him presently!

Mr. Whitelingstall let him out and a combat immediately ensued. After

a few goes the magpie was completely

worsted. He lay helpless on his

back, one leg broken. Then, cocking

his eye at his master, he said, calmly:

"Take me up, Mr. Whitelingstall,

take me up, for he has broken my

leg."

Importation That Has Interested

Egyptologists Evidently Was

Wrongly Labeled.

It develops that the "mummy," the

importation of which has aroused pub-

lic interest, is not that of Rameses II,

but of his cook.

The discovery need not occasion dis-

appointment. Cook or conqueror, they

are now alike, erit. I've read the de-

tailed reminiscences of the

ancient who have carried the gospel of

the clean shirt side by side with that

of salvation even to the very Back

of Beyond.—Everybody's Magazine.

Ladies.

Of all the pictures that Lely-paint-

ed, and of all that wondrous group of

Restoration ladies who ever sat to

him, Miss Hamilton, Countess of

Grammont, was the finest. As for

the picture, Lely himself "bestowed

all his art upon it, and confessed that

he had taken a special delight in paint-

ing it." It is the only one he signed.

Who was this wondrous lady whose

portrait made such a sensation? She

was the daughter of George Hamilton,

the earl of Abercorn's son, and was 19

when Charles II came to the throne.

Her beauty brought her offers of mar-

riage from the duke of Richmond, the

duke of Norfolk, and the earl of Tyr-

connel—but she refused them all and

wedded the Comte de Grammont, who

had been banished from France for

making love to one of the French

king's favorites. "When he saw her

for the first time at close quarters,"

we read in his "Memoirs," "he per-

ceived that he had seen nothing at

court until this moment." She was

at that happy age when a woman's

supreme charms commence to bloom.

She had the finest figure, the finest

neck and the finest arm in the whole

world—though tall, gracile in all her

movements. As for her complexion,

it had a freshness that the colors of

art could not imitate."

Praise for American Hubbles.

Princess Duleep Singh, at a dinner

in New York, said that she found the

American woman a marvel of beauty

and the American man a model of

good looks and kindness.

"The American man," said the

charming princess, "is rightly held up

to the world as the pattern husband.

She paused impressively. Then with

a smile she ended:

"The saying is this:

"The evil one didn't give the apple

to the man, but to the woman, be-

cause the evil one knew well that the

man would eat it all himself, but the

woman would go halves."

A Virginia Casablanca.

"The boy who stood on the burning

deck" often is found in different sec-

tions of the country, and the famous

Casablanca is emulated by men who

are told to do certain things and

never vary their instructions. Presi-

dent Taft had that experience at Rich-

mond, Va., on the last day of his trip,

SHOOTING MECHANICAL RABBITS.

I went my love two roses—ones
As white as driven snow
And one a blushing royal red,
A darling December.

I meant to touch and tell my fate;
What night I should divine
The moment I should meet my love.
If her true heart were mine.

For if she holds me dear, I said,
She'll wear my blushing rose,
If not, she'll wear my cold Lamarcue,
As white as winter's snows.

My heart sank when I met her; cure
I have been overbold.
For on her breast my pale rose lay
In virgin whiteness cold.

Yet with low words she greeted me,
With smiles divinely tender;
Upon her cheek the red rose dawned—
The white rose meant surrender.—John Hay.

The Girl from Brownlow's

Brownlow, managing director of the emporium that bore his name, laid aside one letter from the morning's correspondence as deserving his personal attention, and when the manager appeared he indicated the batch with a jerk of the head.

"You can attend to all that lot yourself, Morton," he said. "There is nothing important excepting this. Crewson is returning from abroad after a three-year business tour, and asks us to furnish The Hollies at Nutford—regardless. The thing has to be done in a month's time, and everything must be in readiness for habitation. Bringing a wife home with him, I expect. Now, who do you suggest shall have charge and see the thing through?"

The manager considered thoughtfully.

"There is Miss Gordon," he said hesitatingly.

"Gordon?" queried the director.

"Yes. You remember Gordon, the merchant? He failed about two years ago, and caused a sensation by putting an end to his life."

"How long has she been with the firm?"

"Nearly two years. Perhaps you would like to see her?"

"Right! Show her up!"

Brownlow scrutinized the girl as she nervously entered the private room.

"We have an important matter here, Miss Gordon, and as I hear good re-



BUNNY RUNS ON A RAILROAD AND LEAPS INTO AIR WHEN SHOT.
Rabbit-shooting for the tyro. Firing at a metal "running rabbit" at an "école de chasse," near Paris. It is claimed that, with the aid of this metal rabbit, which runs along rails-on-wheels by its own momentum, it is possible for anyone to become a practiced rabbit-shot in a very short time. Realism is added to the movements of the rabbit in "life" by the fact that during its "run" it disappears behind bushes, behind small wicker arches, and so on. Realism is added to its "death" by the fact that, when hit properly, it leaps into the air and turns a somersault. Obviously, the rails are on sloping ground.—Illustrated London News.

to remain unoccupied for a little time."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Things haven't turned out quite as I expected, and if you could arrange for one of your people to act as caretaker for a few weeks, it would relieve me immensely."

"And" — he approached the door — "you might instruct her to arrange the few things — photographs and ornaments I have picked up as she thinks best."

The next moment he had gone, and she sat down with mingled feelings of pride, proud satisfaction that she had pleased him, and hopelessness despair.

Two days later a box arrived and, unpacking it, she found his photo. With a stifled sob she arranged it conspicuously upon a cabinet, and gave her attention to the remaining articles.

The next morning the little maid was cleaning outside when Crewson appeared.

"Is the caretaker in?" he questioned, and, receiving an affirmative reply, he entered unannounced. At the drawing-room door he stopped. The caretaker had her back toward him, but in her outstretched hand she was holding his photo, and it seemed to him she was scrutinizing his pictured features with more than idle curiosity.

Presently she took a silver frame and fixed the photograph in it, then placing it upon the cabinet again, she set beside it a similar frame without a photograph.

"For his wife?" she muttered sadly, and turning, she found his eyes fixed upon her. She uttered a little scream, and recovered her composure.

"'Neil — you?" he questioned bewilderingly.

"Yes." She bowed to hide her flushed face, and leaned heavily against the mantel to hide the fact that she was trembling.

"And you have furnished this house for me?"

"Yes." She choked back a sob, and continued. "I had to do it or — leave Brownlow. And I couldn't do that without the probability of starv-

ing again."

"To think you have come to this!"

"We will not discuss my position, please." The tears were falling her eyes, but she spoke determinedly, and indicated the empty frame. "I have left that for — for your wife's photo."

"And now, can you tell me when my services will be no longer necessary?"

"Ah! Who told you I had married?"

"Mr. Brownlow said you were bring-

ing a wife home from abroad."

"And knowing that you — you —

"I did my best for the firm."

For a moment there was a tense silence. She stood with downcast eyes, vainly endeavoring to conceal her emotion, whilst Crewson took from his letter-case the photo of a girl.

"I presume that unless you obey my instructions now your position with the firm, as you call it, will be jeopardized," he said.

"That is so. If there is anything —"

"Just one thing, please. If you will place that photograph in the stand you have reserved for my wife's, I think that will be all."

She got a glance at him, and awayed dangerously. For a few seconds she hesitated, and then stretched out her hand for the card.

"If you insist," she commenced, and stopped. The room appeared to whirl round, and her sight was blurred with unshed tears, but dashing them away, she looked at the photograph in her hand again. There was no mistake. It was a picture of herself.

"You mean you want me?" she sobbed.

For a moment he did not reply. He took her in his arms and kissed the tear-stained face until it glowed with eager happiness. —Answers.

After the Mass Play.

"How's yer boy doin' at college, Cy?"

"Fast rate. He hopes to be out o'

the hospital some time before Christ-

mas." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A DANGEROUS MOMENT.

In his book "Exploration of the Nile Sources," Sir Samuel Baker relates an incident which illustrates the wonderful influence which a woman sometimes exerts over men in calming their excited passions and restoring discipline, when perhaps nothing else would have served the purpose. He had arrived at Gondokoro, accompanied by his wife and a large company of attendants. There were large numbers of traders' people in this place whose time was passed in all kinds of mischief.

After a few days' detention at Gondokoro I saw unmistakable signs of discontent among my men, who evidently had been tampered with by the different traders' parties.

One evening several of the most disaffected came to me with a complaint that they had not enough meat, and making very unreasonable demands, which were of course refused. They then went away, muttering insolent threats.

I said nothing at the time, but early on the following morning I ordered the drum-to-beat and the men-to-fall-in; and I then addressed them, reminding them of their agreement to follow me faithfully.

The only effect of my address was a great outbreak of insolence on the part of the ring-leader of the previous evening. This fellow was so violently impudent that I ordered him twenty-five lashes, as an example to the others.

Upon the attendant, Saati, advancing to seize him, there was a general mutiny. Many of the men threw down their guns and seized sticks, and rushed to the rescue of their tail, ring-leader. Saati was a little man, and was perfectly helpless.

Here was an escort! These were the men upon whom I was to depend in hours of difficulty and danger on an expedition in unknown regions!

I was determined not to be "done," and according went toward the ring-leader, with the intention of seizing him. But he, being backed up by a party of forty men, had the impudence to attack me, rushing forward with a fury that was ridiculous.

To stop his blow and to knock him into the middle of the crowd was not difficult; and after a rapid repetition of the dose, I disabled him and calling to Saati for a rope to bind him, I held the man firmly.

In an instant I had a crowd of men upon me to rescue their leader.

How the affair would have ended I cannot say; but as the scene lay with ten yards of my boat, my wife, who was ill with fever in the cabin, witnessed the whole affray; and seeing me surrounded, she rushed out, and in a few moments was in the middle of the crowd, who at that time were endeavoring to rescue my prisoner.

Her sudden appearance had a curious effect, and calling upon several of the least mutinous to assist, she very pluckingly made her way up to me. Seizing the opportunity of an indecision that for the moment was evinced by the crowd, I shouted to the drummer-boy to beat the drum.

In an instant the drum beat, and at the top of my voice I ordered the men to fall in.

Two-thirds of the men fell in and formed in line, while the remainder retreated with the ring-leader, whom they led away, declaring that he was badly hurt. The affair ended in my insisting upon all forming in line and upon the ring-leader being brought forward.

In this critical moment Mrs. Baker, with great tact, came forward and implored me to forgive him if he kissed my hand and begged for pardon. This compromise completely won the men, who, although a few minutes before in open mutiny, now called upon their ring-leader to apologize, and that all would be right. I then made them a speech and dismissed them.

The pessimist stands beneath the

tree of prosperity, and grows when the fruit falls on his head. Success Magazine.

HERO OF TELEGRAPH KEY.

Linen Shale Gave His Life to Save Victims of Wreck.

Three years ago at the Overland Limited dashed through the night, in the bad lands forty-five miles west of Cheyenne. Two, a rail broke in two and came up through the bottom of the baggage car. In an instant the train of nine cars was piled thirty feet high, while about and beneath the wreckage were more than 150 dead or injured human beings. A frightful sleet storm with biting cold was raging, and to this the hurt and dying lay exposed.

The locomotive was wrecked so that it was impossible to cut loose and ride ahead to the nearest settlement with word of the disaster, and it seemed as if nothing could be done to save the sufferers except to flag the next train, due in five hours, when, from under the wrecks, on hands and knee stumps, came an apparition leaving a red trail behind. It proved to be Frank Shale, a telegraph lineman who had been sent up the road to locate a wire trouble and who, with his satchel of instruments strapped across a shoulder, had been in the baggage car when the crash came. A. W. Rolker says in Everybody's Clutching the precious satchel, he dragged himself forward, but his legs had been smashed off at the knees and he was bleeding frightfully. "The telegraph! Cut in on the telegraph!" he shouted, but not a man there knew which one of the score of wires to cut and Shale himself could not tell without testing. They threw a rope across an arm of one of the poles, passed a sling about the dying man and hoisted him up. Then he cut and grounded the wire and connected his telegraph key. Tenderly propped by anxious hands, he began to send the call for the Cheyenne operator, meanwhile gazing stoically at the pool

where his life blood ebbed away. At that numinous hour of the night he found himself in saving his man, and he bounded his key for ten minutes before he got an answering click.

"No. 17 terribly wrecked forty miles west of Cheyenne. Send hospital train," he said. "Then they pinned his head on the satchel and an armful of waste, while forty miles away a whistler shrieked through the night and brought engineer, fireman and 200 Japanese tumbled on to the wrecking train, followed by the hospital train with doctors and nurses. But Shale was gone when they came. Not a line in the ashken face betrayed the inhuman torture he must have undergone, nor the strain of turning his mind from his own agony and impending doom to the little brass instrument with which he had saved scores of lives.

A Convent. An old Cambridge friend of mine who had a good deal of the wisdom of the serpent in him had a farmer in his parish in Norfolk whom he could not get to church. Whenever he pressed upon him his neglect or his bad example he was always met with the same excuse, "You're too young and do not know enough to teach such as I." At last he gave up the farmer in despair. But one day he happened to pass by the farm while his parishioner was engaged in killing a fine pig. My friend said: "What a pig! Why, he weighs thirty-four stone!" "What dost thou know of pigs?" replied the farmer. "I only wish he weighed as much." When they next met the farmer, to his surprise, told my friend that the pig had been found to weigh just thirty-four stone. He added, much to my friend's gratification, "And thou wilt see me at church next Sunday, parson." —London Globe.

Modern Society.

"Jones, as I have discovered, is a liar and a thief."

"But you have him at your house?"

"Yes—nobody but you and me have discovered it yet." —Cleveland Leader.

Don't Weep At The Ice House.



"YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME?"

parts of your abilities, I feel disposed to trust you with the execution of it. Are you willing to undertake the responsibility?"

She nodded.

"Very good. There must be nothing showy and gaudy. I know our client's family, and if there is a comfortable, artistically-furnished home in Lancashire it is the Oaks."

"The Oaks?" The girl let the words slip out with a little laugh.

"Yes. The Crewsons," he replied.

"Never mind the past," continued Brownlow, with a touch of sympathy that surprised him. "See this thing through all right, and we'll look after you in the future."

She thanked him in a broken voice and staggered through the doorway.

At last she reached the little room she rented. On the mantelpiece was a photograph of a young man whose smiling, handsome face had cheered her through long months of bitter struggle. But now the smile was a smile of mockery. With a white face she gazed long and steadily at it, and presently sobbed convulsively.

"It's not just because he promised," she sobbed. "That's all over now. But to be forced to prepare the home for him and her—it's too hard!"

The next three weeks passed in a whirl. Brownlow, for once, found himself contradicted, and his suggestions politely, but none the less decidedly, refused. Miss Gordon objected to being the stipulated time all was in readiness, and she would have returned to the shop. But Brownlow refused the permission, and though she was terrified at meeting her old lover, she was forced to remain.

One morning the bell rang. Crewson had arrived. She started forward to obey the summons, and stopped, clutching the table for support. The bell rang again, and the little maid-of-all-work seized the opportunity of showing herself at the door.

Crewson entered with Brownlow, and made a tour of the principal rooms.

"Yes, I am very pleased with the house—very," she heard him say. "Everything has been done beautifully, and reflects great credit upon the person you put in to superintend materials." Only, unfortunately, it will have

to wait for the completion of the

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Home Circle Department

A column dedicated to Tired Mothers as they join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Crude thoughts as they fall from the Editorial Pen—Pleasant Evening Reveries.

Home.

Home! What a hallowed name; how full of enchantment and how dear to every heart. How it touches every fibre of the soul and strikes every chord of the human heart with its angelic fingers. Nothing but death can break the spell. What tender associations are linked with home. What pleasing images and deep emotions it awakens. It calls upon the fondest memories of life, and opens in our nature the purest, deepest, richest gush of consecrated thought and feeling. Home, home. There is no place like home. Home of our childhood. How affection clings and hovers around thee with her scrapping wings.

"BE YE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED."

No matter how refined a woman is, if she marries a coarse, immoral man she will be likely to have a coarse, immoral man for her husband. In ninety-nine cases out of one-hundred a vulgar horse jockey will remain a vulgar horse jockey still, in spite of the possession of a refined, intelligent wife. With that possession his reverent admiration for her superiority has departed. She is now simply the woman who has joined her lot with him.

I think she may be strong enough to rise out of her misery, she can never efface the results of her folly. But the probabilities are that she will drag out her dreary days in surroundings utterly repugnant to every fibre of her nature, because she will not be allowed to take her children, and she cannot leave them behind her. The romance of unequal marriage is very soon dispelled, and only hard, bitter facts remain.

WHAT A PLANT DID!

A little plant was given to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it the family made changes in their living. First, they cleaned the window that more light might come to its leaves; then when not too cold, they would open the window that fresh air might help the plant to grow. Next, the clean window made the room look so untidy that they washed the floors and walls and arranged the furniture more neatly. This led the father of the family to mend a broken chair or two, which kept him home several evenings. After the work was done he stayed at home instead of spending his leisure hours at the tavern, and the money thus saved went to buy comforts for them all. Thus the little plant brought a real blessing.

WHERE IS MY BOY TONIGHT?

In how many homes is that question unsolved, and what sorrowful countenances and sad hearts are pondering over it? Now reader, it is not your home referred to by us, it is only that home where "my boy is not home tonight," and while we can almost surmise of his whereabouts, yet we dare not let it might prove true. One thing we know, he is not at home. Another thing is true, in this world evil influences lurk over every hand, and his young, frank, noble heart is susceptible of being influenced. Why is he not here tonight? When did his feet first learn to wander away from the safe and sacred influences of home? Was it not when you had the power and influence to lead him in the path of virtue and right? Did you hope somehow or other, though a tremor ran through your soul when you first saw him turn from home to the world with its unholowness influences, that he would soon return? Delusive hope. How stand the records? Look at the wandering sons today, with manhood all gone, hearts hardened, and blackened by sin, and the aching heart in desolate homes, because the wanderer is a wander still. Then rest thou not for a moment, but walk thyself in virtue's path, and load thy boy where such a character will be formed and fixed that no evil influence may lure him from the path of rectitude and right, and you need not be inquiring where is my boy tonight.

INFLUENCE.

Influence, like a pebble dropped into the water, will ever circle and roll until it is lost in the vast ocean of humanity. In our own home where we spend the best part of our lives, often teaching, how insidious is influence. Here is no neutral

ground, for within its holy precincts we wear no disguise. We are our own slaves around the fireside when at home. How sad that we should exercise self control while a stranger is present and in the presence of our beloved ones often give way to ill temper, and by our own unkind words wound the loving hearts around us.

DON'T SCOLD.

For the sake of your children don't do it. It is a great misfortune to have children reared in the presence and under the influence of a scold. The effect of the everlasting complaining and fault finding of such persons is to make the young who hear it unamiable, malicious, callous-hearted, and they often learn to take pleasure in doing the very things for which they receive such tongue-lashings. As they are always getting the blame of wrong doing, whether they deserve it or not, they think they might as well do wrong as right. They lose all ambition to strive for the favorable opinion of the fault-finder, since they always strive in vain. Thus a scold is not only a nuisance, but a destroyer of the morals of children. If these unloved, dreaded people could only see themselves as others see them, they would flee to the mountains in very shame.

ENEMIES.

Go straight on and don't mind them. If they get in your way walk around regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that everyone has a hand in it. A sterling character is one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, he is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. Live down prejudice by right doing. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk, there will be a reaction if you perform your duty, and the sparks, which if you do not blow will go out of themselves, and those once alienated will flock to, and acknowledge their error.

A Wild-Blizzard Raging

brings danger, suffering, often death to thousands, who take colds, coughs and tagriffe that terror of Winter and Spring. Its banger signs are "stuffed up nostrils, lower part of nose sore, chills and fever, pain in back of head and chest, throat-grinding cough." When Grip attacks, as you value your life, don't delay getting Dr. Kings' New Discovery. One bottle cures me," writes A. L. Dunn, of Pine Valley, Miss., after being laid up three weeks with Grip. For soft, snug Hempenester Coats, Colds, Whooping-Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Its supreme, \$9.00. Guaranteed by A. M. Lewis & Co.

Mr. Bagley and the Burrows Campaign.

The announcement that Mr. John N. Bagley, of Detroit, is to serve as chairman of Senator Julius C. Burrows' campaign committee, emphasizes at once Mr. Bagley's public spirit and the character and type of citizens who are actively supporting Senator Burrows' candidacy for reelection. Mr. Bagley himself represents that class of Detroit citizens, the most substantial and productive class, who have "made good" in their own generation. His is a name, too, that figures prominently and honorably in the political history of Michigan. The campaign which he is managing, will conduct for Senator Burrows' reelection can logically be expected to be the calm, dignified, temperate, honest campaign, worthy and befitting the office sought. There will be no theatricalism, no exaggeration, no epithets, no cheap political cards and reprisals, because Mr. Bagley's methods as a business man and a citizen and the class of citizenship which he typifies will not permit of it.

Perhaps the selection of no other man as campaign manager could better demonstrate the standards and ideals of that class of the electorate that supports the candidacy of Senator Burrows. It is about the best the city and the state can produce. Detroit Journal.

Great Men Fond of Tea.

Like all things in the world tea met with opposition at the first thought or knowledge of it. There were some who called it a filthy custom, while others held that it would dwarf the body and destroy personal beauty. Samuel Johnson tells us that he was a hardened and shameless tea drinker, who for 50 years diluted his meals with only the infusion of the fascinating plant, who with tea amused the evening, with tea solaced the midnight, and with tea welcomed the morning. Thackeray, Shakespeare and Lamb were all devotees to the tea cup. "Meanwhile, let us have a sip of tea. The afternoon glow is brightening the bamboo, the fountains are bubbling with delight, the soothng of the pine is heard in our kettle. Let us dream—evanescence, and linger in the beaut. If foolishness of things."

Please Pronounce It.

The Russian official organ in St. Petersburg has a fine name for the newspapers. It is the Practititual Vistula.

Firemen on Ocean Liners.

One hundred and twenty firemen are required to feed the furnaces of a modern Atlantic steamer.

Prospect in Himalaya.

Adventure American writing engineers are prospecting in the High Alps.

WATCH FOR SCHOOL OF FISH

Norwegian Boys Delighted to Warn Farmers of the Approach of Their Furry Prey.

It is common enough to see a boy watching cattle, to keep them from straying, and in days not so very long gone by it was no unusual thing for a boy to be set to keep the birds off the crops; but a watchboy whose duty is to keep a lookout for a school of fish and who sits in a sentry box set upon stilts is not an everyday sight. This particular kind of watching is Norwegian, the scene of his labors being the shores of some fiord of his native land.

This is a scientific reason for drinking milk slowly and in small quantities. Milk curdles as soon as it comes into contact with the juice of the stomach. If a whole glass of milk is taken at one draught into the stomach the result is a large curd through which the gastric juices cannot readily penetrate and act with the necessary solvent power.

Milk, without question, is one of the most valuable of foods. It contains all the elements necessary for maintaining the physical health of those who know how to use it properly. Indeed, most people would be better off physically if milk, and entire wheat bread formed their ordinary diet. Especially is this true of delicate persons whose powers of digestion have become enfeebled. Persons suffering from nervous prostration are not able to digest meat, and will find a purely milk diet of the greatest benefit, provided they institute it properly.

Horatio Fletcher says that each mouthful of milk should be held in the mouth long enough to enjoy the chemical action of the saliva before swallowing.

Remarkable Attention That Has Attacted Notice of Bird Lovers in Virginia.

A story of the devotion of a carrier pigeon for his mate is told by a party of agriculturists from the valley of Virginia. It is told in the village of Overall, at the farm of Capt. Manley Trippett, whose place borders the Shenandoah river.

Several weeks ago a female carrier pigeon bearing the number S. A. 19406, was found in a broken wing, fluttered as best she could with the assistance of her mate, on whose leg was attached the inscription D. 6821, into the open window of Capt. Trippett's barn. There

the mate bird in his own peculiar fashion proceeded to make her as comfortable as possible. He then disappeared and was gone for four weeks, when he returned. Since his return he has helped to help his mate fly again, but in vain. Now he seems to have settled down to a siege of the most commanding domesticity. His mate feeds him, takes care of him, and even carries him about in his arms.

He is now accustomed to think of

himself as a "Stallion."

Several individuals arrived in October.

Best Individuals and Lowest Prices Royal Boligans, Percherons and Coachers always on hand and sure to please you—every one guaranteed. We want few local salesmen and a man who can fit and show Hackneys.

Charlotte, Eaton County, Mich.

PROPER WAY TO DRINK MILK

Should Be Consumed Slowly—Best Method Is to Take Teaspoonful at a Time.

There are two ways of drinking milk, the right and the wrong way, and a majority of people drink it the wrong way. This is the chief reason why milk disagrees with some people. Milk must not be imbibed like water. It should be drunk very slowly, a spoonful at a time. Really the best way is to take a teaspoonful at a time.

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Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, JAN. 6

Local and Neighborhood News.

Take Notice

The date following our address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year. If your term is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want our money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday noon, and cannot be considered later.

Portolane coal go Bates.

Ray Williams of Bay City was in town Sunday.

Thermos Bottles Central Drug Store.

Mrs. Oscar Hansen is home from a visit in Chatam Onond Detroit.

St. Charles coal the best in the market for sale by George Langvin.

Dry and green wood for sale. S. Phelps Jr.

Two houses to rent. Enquire at this office.

Leave your orders for Coal at S. H. Co's, and save money.

Miss Margaret Hanson and Alta Reagan have returned from an extended visit in Detroit.

Buy your coal - George Langvin.

You will get the best and at the right price, delivered.

Mrs. George Smith and daughter Florence spent the holidays in Bay City.

For sewing machines, the best in the market, and at the lowest price call at the AVANCHE office.

Beech and Maple Block Wood for furnaces. Leave orders with SALLING BANSON COMPANY.

Mrs. C. H. Bingham and daughters, Helen and Virginia have returned from a visit at Saginaw.

For Sale - A first class silage cutter, hand or power, for sale cheap. Enquire at this office.

George Langvin is handling coal the same as last year. Prices right and quality right. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Leave your orders for Coal at S. H. Co's, and save money.

FOUND - The Grandest assortment of Cutters ever brought into the county, at Wm. McCullough's. Prices and quality right.

WANTED - Washing, Ironing or any other housework. I am a widow with a family of small children. Residence next door to Bowling Alley, Mrs. J. Hornung.

Leave your orders for Coal at S. H. Co's, and save money.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Olaf Michelson entertained about thirty ladies at "500". Mrs. L. T. Wright winning the prize. Dainty refreshments were served.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a very valuable medicine for throat and lung troubles. quickly relieves and cures painful breathing and a dangerously sounding cough which indicates congested lungs. Sold by all dealers.

The heating season is now on. Have you considered the question? Save one half of your fuel by having F. R. Deckrow install an up to date, steam or hot water system. He wants your patronage. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ask for an estimate.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is not a common everyday cough mixture. It is a meritorious remedy for troublesome complications resulting from cold in the head, throat, chest or lungs. Sold by all dealers.

WANTED - Information as to the address of Addison Barker or heirs, if he is dead. Address was Grayling some years ago. Small recovery can probably be made. Address Edwin W. Spalding, Pacific Bldg, Washington, D. C.

Have you a sore throat? If so, you had better be too careful. You cannot be treated too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another, and the last is always the harder to cure. If you take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at the outset you will be saved much trouble. Sold by all dealers.

Tuberculosis work in Michigan is practically limited to that done by a few counties and cities independently and by the State at the State Sanatorium at Howell, where there are accommodations for only fifty favorable cases, while in the whole state there are five thousand.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never disappoints those who use it for obstinate coughs, colds and irritation of the throat and lungs. It stands unrivaled as a remedy for all throat and lung diseases. Sold by all dealers.

The Ladies' Union will hold their annual business meeting at the home of Mrs. Axel McDonald, Friday, Jan. 10, 1910. Friends of the congregation invited, and members of the Union requested to be present to plan for our coming fair. Society entered by Mesdames McDonald, Raven and Manney.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They do the work whenever you require their aid. These tablets change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, gloominess into joyousness. Their action is sorcerous, one can't believe they have taken a purgative. Sold by all dealers.

Circuit Court, January term, next Monday.

Murphy registered at 20° below zero Monday night.

Arthur Fournier returned to his studies at the University, Monday afternoon.

Rev. Houston of Johnsbury will preach in the Presbyterian church next Sunday.

Miss Nora Peterson returned to her school duties at Johnsbury Wednesday morning.

The Ladies Aid will be held at the home of Mrs. Fred Nardin Friday afternoon, Jan. 7th.

L. Herrick and family went to Mandeville to spend New Years with relatives and friends.

Will McCullough has been very sick with pneumonia for the past ten days, but is now convalescent.

Hon. W. T. Yeo of West Branch was in town Tuesday, on legal business. He is always welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. John Everett and daughter Gladys spent New Years with friends and relatives at Lewiston.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Chamberlain have been entertaining his sisters, Mrs. L. C. Dingie of Houghton, and Mrs. J. C. Teempler of Bay City during the holidays.

Members of W. R. C. are requested to be present at the regular meeting Jan. 8th, 1910. Important business to be transacted and general attendance is desired.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hartman spent Christmas week with their daughters, in Detroit, and with old friends in Brighton and vicinity where they resided before coming to this county.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Engler and baby of Madison Wisconsin, who have been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fischer for the past few weeks returned to their home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mills entertained the Young Married Peoples Club Tuesday evening. Prizes were won by Mrs. A. Smith, Bertha Woodward, Otto Roesser and Alfred Olson.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Phelps Jr. entertained a few friends at cards last Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Engler. Prizes were won by Miss Lillie Fischer and Mr. Holger Schmidt.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Forbes were glad for the presence of his sister Mrs. Stewart of Bay City and her daughter Mrs. W. Eggleston, to help them start the new year. Mrs. Eggleston returned Monday afternoon, but Mrs. Stewart will remain for a few weeks visit.

Mrs. Olaf Michelson entertained the Good Fellowship Club at its regular meeting Tuesday evening. Mrs. P. C. Hill who has been a valued member of the club is about to move to Jackson, and to honor her the ladies gave a banquet, and Mrs. Fournier in a very neat speech presented her with a souvenir from the club. Mrs. Hill has been very popular in church, literary and social circles and will be greatly missed.

When the dust is on the counter and the cobweb's on the shelf, and there's no one in the store but your own disheartened self, and your stock is getting shelfworm, and every thing looks stale, and bills enough are coming in to make a baker pale. Oh! then's the time a fellow is a feelin' kind of blue, and is puzzled with the thought of the proper thing to do. In such a situation but one remedy applies. If you want to get the customers you've got to advertise.

During a terrific northwest blizzard of wind and snow last Monday afternoon, the alarm of fire started the town, but all were glad to get back where it was warm, after learning that there was no danger, the alarm being raised in by some one through the city phone, who could not see that the flame was confined to the chimney, and that there was no danger and no damage occurred. The scare came from L. Fournier's residence, and we presume they were as glad as the balance of the citizens.

The commission provided for it the Tattle Act has been named by Governor Warner to investigate the subject of vagrancy, habitual drunkenness and disorderly persons, and report their findings to the next legislature, together with recommendations for a revision of the statutes to rid the state of this class of undesirables.

The delegates of this commission are to serve without pay, and are as follows: Tracey McGregor, of Detroit; Walter S. Foster of Lansing; Jerome E. Turner, of Muskegon; Clarence A. Black of Detroit; Judge Riley W. Crane of Saginaw.

A county superintendent of a neighboring county asked every teacher at the county institute who took their local paper to hold up their hands, and only four responded. The superintendent expressed great surprise and said: "You don't spend a dollar on them, yet you expect them to print free of charge, notices of all the schools, insert long programs, expect them to advertise you, thus assisting you to climb the ladder to better positions and better salaries, without a cent in return to help pay his expenses." Then he related a fact about a pompous, loud-talker who said: "What do you think that ineptuous newspaper man did today? Why he damned me for six cents a subscription. And I just took his paper because he was a poor man and I felt sorry for him." Hillsdale Banister.

As Frances Put It.

Little Frances had begun to write letters under the supervision of mamma. Recently her mother was away on a visit, and Frances decided to write to her without help. She managed slang and the new mode of spelling in one sentence: "Grandma got a letter from Anty and the news is it not her cut."

Marion, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andy Larsen is quite ill.

Miss Mayme Neithercut of Gaylord spent New Years with Mrs. O. Michelson.

Victor Peterson returned Tuesday from Saginaw where he spent the holidays.

Mr. Jack McIver of Detroit was the guest of Fred Michelson during the past week.

Grayling Mercantile Co's large bills will tell you how to save money. Read them carefully.

Miss Margaret Hanson has been entertaining Mr. George Clark and Miss Irene Best of Detroit.

Mrs. Axel Becker and children of Johnsbury have been visiting her parents M. and Mrs. James Wodburn.

School opened yesterday morning with the teaching staff all present, and but few absent or tardy pupils.

Mr. Fred Kuhn of Bay City and Mr. J. H. Richards of this place change positions on the road as night yard master.

Mr. V. W. Lankey of Bay City takes the place of P. C. Hill as night yard master at this station. Mr. Hill moving to Jackson.

Word was received from South Branch Monday, of the sudden death of John Hitchcock, a pioneer of the country.

Don't forget the Bargain Week, commencing Monday Jan. 10. At the Grayling Mercantile Co's Store See large bills.

Did you get one of the large bargain bills? If not, come and get one at the Grayling Mercantile Co's Store and save money.

Railroad traffic was all out of joint and the telegraph and phone wires nearly out of commission yesterday on account of the storm.

Miss Kelty returned from her home in Midland, where she spent her holiday vacation, Friday, to attend the New Year party.

Rev. and Mrs. James Ivey are enjoying the presence of their son, Paul W. Ivey, for his vacation from Lawrence College at Appleton, Wisconsin.

There will be an Epworth League entertainment at the home of Mr. M. A. Bates on Friday evening from 7 to 10 o'clock. All members and prospective members are invited.

A sleigh load of jolly young people drove over from Frederic New Years night and surprised Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Taylor. They departed at a late hour having enjoyed the evening very much.

James E. Ballard, formerly employed on West Allis Independent, at West Allis Wisconsin, a nice little city of 10,000 inhabitants.

The storm of the season reached here Tuesday night with almost a hurricane of wind and snow. Wednesday was a tedious day, not as cold as preceding, but a cutting wind made the pedestrians shiver.

Cottage prayer meetings are being held in the parish of the Presbyterian church this week. To-night, Thursday, the meeting will be held at Dr. Palmer's, and at Robert Roblin's tomorrow evening.

Mr. Albert Nelson and Miss Nellie Walker of Grayling were united in marriage on New Years day at the home of Mr. Lowell B. Fox three miles north of Grayling. Rev. J. Humphrey Fleming was the officiating clergyman. The young people will begin married life on a farm near this village.

A letter from Conrad Dan A. Squires, who has been at Centralia Washington for the past five years, has gone to California to see if he can find a warmer climate, and will give us his new address as soon as located.

The Grayling Social Club gave their Second Annual Ball at the Opera House on New Years Eve.

About fifty couples were present, and the dancing began at nine o'clock.

The grand march being led by Dr. and Mrs. Stanley N. Insley. The decorations were beautiful and befitting the holiday season, and at a neatly arranged booth the Misses Blanche Salling and Cornelia McLean served punch to the merry dancers.

Refreshments were served at midnight.

Among the out-of-town guests

were Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hartwick,

Measers McIver and Clark and Miss

Best of Detroit, Misses Neithercut

and Johnson of Gaylord and Mrs. C. Wescott of Salling.

Mr. and Mrs. Hallson of Flint arrived here Saturday for a visit with Mr. Miles.

C. W. Miller was doing business at Lewiston Wednesday.

R. D. Shannon returned Tuesday morning from his Christmas trip.

T. E. Douglas is issued a neat calendar for 1910. The design is very appropriate for the North Branch.

T. McElroy was doing business at Lewiston Wednesday.

No houses vacant in Lovells, every

one is full and more are wanted.

DAN.

Making Life Safer.

Everywhere life is being made more

safe through the work of Dr. King's

New Life Bills in Continuation, Bil-

iousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liv-

er Troubles, Kidney Diseases and

Bowel Disorders. They're easy, but

safe, and perfectly build up the

health. 25c at A. M. Lewis & Co.

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O. PALMER, Publisher.

GRAYLING . . . MICHIGAN

SUMMARY OF THE MOST IMPORTANT NEWS.

Sunday.

Charles W. Morse, the convicted banker and ice king, started for prison.

Agnes Booth, a famous actress of Edwin Forrest's time, died at the age of 68.

The United States Department of Agriculture investigated the dealings of the milk trust in New York and Chicago.

Mayor Gaynor made a clean sweep of the New York City Hall in the first of his appointments and defended Charles E. Murphy.

Fire at 261 Wabash avenue, Chicago, the scene of one-bomb explosion, caused a loss of \$200,000 and cost the life of a fireman.

A relative of the kidnapped Alma Kellner said he is in communication with her abductors and promised not to prosecute if she is returned.

The Pinchot-Ballinger row is to be investigated by a committee of six Congressmen and six Senators; their report is not to be made at this session.

Monday.

Ten vessels are known to have been wrecked in the storm along the New England coast.

Cashier George A. Capron of the United States Express Company disappeared from Chicago and \$20,000 is missing.

Gifford Pinchot, in a New York address, declared that special interests are fighting the forest service for its attacks on predatory wealth.

Tuesday.

The farms in the United States are valued at \$20,000,000,000, an increase of 44 per cent since 1900.

A scientist announced that the Aurora Borealis is frozen gas, "neon," acted on by magnetic currents.

The value of Canadian crops increased \$100,000,000 in 1909 over that of 1908; one-eleventh more acres were cultivated.

Wednesday.

Charles C. Dickinson resigned the presidency of the Carnegie Trust Company of New York for the second time.

President Taft expects this session of Congress to pass laws in aid of the natural resources of the United States.

The French chamber of deputies passed the tariff bill; it was a victory for high protectionists and tariff commission.

A prominent Washington correspondent says that Taft's coming message will precipitate the vital issue of whether railroads shall be deprived of the rate making power.

Thursday.

San Francisco, by an overwhelming vote, approved the municipal car system.

A nation-wide boycott against combinations which increase the cost of living is planned by the Anti-Trust League.

Ray Lamphere died in the Michigan City penitentiary with his lips sealed on the mystery of the Guinness "murder farm."

Attorney General Wickesmann tried his guns on the tobacco trust and filed a 268-page brief with the Supreme Court.

The arrest of a labor contractor at St. Paul exposed trip pass frauds of \$200,000 on the Great Northern Railway; the graft extended over a period of fifteen years.

Friday.

Secretary Knox has asked Brazil to aid the United States against Mexico; Yankee prestige is gone.

Three were killed and forty-five hurt when the Rock Island's California special jumped the track near Trenton, Mo.

The new board of administration appointed by Governor Denslow of Illinois took charge of the State charitable institutions.

Lloyd George, in a speech in London, cited America as a bad example, charging that there are more unemployed in United States than in England.

Saturday.

A labor famine throughout 1910 is expected by Canadians.

Holiday gifts of \$6,000,000 were presented to his three children by Tom Waggoner of Fort Worth.

With the budget election in England less than a fortnight away popular excitement seemed to wane.

William J. Gaynor became mayor of New York and invited Herman Ridder to be commissioner of parks.

T. P. O'Connor said the Liberals are gaining every day in England and home rule is brought nearer.

Railroads, in fear of hostile legislation and labor tie-ups, are holding up improvements to cost \$300,000,000.

Senator Cummins at a "dollar dinner" served notice that the right of progressive Republicans is not at an end.

Canada fishermen are uneasy over the delay of the United States in promulgating regulations for the closed and open seasons in boundary waters.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

John E. Berwind, the millionaire coal man, has given \$10,000 in New York for the care of poor women who become mothers and the treatment of infants during the first weeks of their lives.

The Federal Circuit Court of San Francisco appointed Frederick S. Stratton, collector of that port, receiver of the Ocean Shore Railroad on application of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, which asserted that out-and-out claims against the railroad company amounted to \$1,000,000.

BOYCOTT AS A FOOD-PRICE CURE

Movement of Nation-Wide Scope Started at Washington Meeting.

Plans for a national boycott of those combinations that increase the cost of living were laid in Washington the other night, when the National Anti-Trust League was launched. Members of Congress are interested in the new movement and immediate steps will be taken toward perfecting State organizations. Then, when prices soar, the league members by stopping the use of such articles or commodities as have gone above legal level will put them back again by refusing to furnish a market. The plan was one that was tried in Germany a few years ago and which, according to a report, broke up a combine in coffee that had raised the price of the bean to almost prohibitive prices.

STEEL MAN COMMITS MURDER.

Ends Day of Drinking by Revolver Fussilade in Own Home.

Wilmfield Gibson, aged 18 years, resident of Munhall, a Pittsburg suburb, shot and killed his wife seriously wounded a son, fired three shots at his feeling daughter, and then sent a bullet

crashing through his brain, dying instantly. Gibson, who is a former officer of the Carnegie Steel Company, came home late after a day of drinking with friends, according to the statement of the police. Meeting his wife as she awaited his coming at the top of a flight of stairs Gibson fired at her with his revolver. His wife's dead body fell down the staircase. Howard, a 15-year-old son, hearing the shots, ran from a room, and was seriously wounded by a bullet from the revolver in the hands of his enraged father.

Lamphere was 38 years old, and for

three years prior to the disappearance of Mrs. Guinness and her three children had been employed as a field hand at the "murder farm."

The crimes ruthlessly premeditated and diabolically executed, rivaled the famous Holmes-Castle murders in Chicago and the Bender murders in Kansas.

Whether Mrs. Guinness was a party to these crimes, and whether she escaped or was burned to death in her house in April, 1908, never has been satisfactorily explained. She formerly lived in Chicago and went to Laporte after her first husband had died under circumstances said to have been suspicious.

After establishing herself on the farm just outside Laporte, the woman is said to have been a frequent correspondent with matrimonial agencies in various parts of the country. She thus formed the acquaintance of a number of men. At least six of them went to Laporte, all of whom disappeared. Later, when the yard back of the farmhouse was excavated, the bodies of some of these admirers were identified among the ten which were found. Lamphere was arrested the day following the burning of the house.

SO HURT IN DEPOT EXPLOSION.

Gas Plant in Montreal Train Blows Up and Many Die.

Over a score of people were injured in an explosion at the place of generation of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Montreal. Many of the victims were frightfully mangled and the death list

is feared, will be large. The Quebec train, which usually leaves the station at about 11:30 p.m., was on the eve of pulling out. The station platform was crowded with a throng—seeing friends off, when there was a terrific explosion, which slipped up the platform from end to end and buried more than a score of people in the debris. The gas plant on the Quebec train had blown up.

TAXES RECORD HERALD.

Herman H. Kohlsaat succeeds Frank B. Noyes as Editor.

Herman H. Kohlsaat, former editor and publisher of the old Chicago Times-Herald and well-known in news paper circles, has assumed charge of the Record-Herald as editor. Mr. Kohlsaat takes the place of Frank B. Noyes, who has been editor and publisher of the paper since 1902. The elevation of Mr. Kohlsaat to his old-time position was not a surprise to Chicago, as it had been known that the stock in the Record-Herald had changed hands recently. The new editor says that no material changes in the policy of the paper are contemplated.

JEWELER GONE; MURDER SEEN.

Two Robbers and Buttered Hat of Pittsburgh Man Are Found.

Another murder-mystery was added the other day to the many which have baffled the police of Pittsburg. C. W. Morgan, aged 32, a wealthy jeweler, of 4409 Butler street, disappeared early Saturday evening at Verona, where he had gone to display some valuable jewels to a customer, and the only trace found of him later was his falm coat, with a sleeve torn out, his battered hat and torn collar, and a case of rings found along the Allegheny River bank. The police see a murder plot.

Eats Sixteen Bananas and Dies.

After eating sixteen bananas, John Clausen, 16 years old, became ill and died at his home in Bladen, Neb.

MURDER: Heads Gulf Railroad.

H. H. Miller has been elected pres-

ident of the Chicago, Rock Island and Gulf Railroad, to succeed B. L. Winchell, who has become associated with the Frisco system.

Life-Patrons Escapes.

William Davis, a life prisoner in the Ohio State Penitentiary, sent up in 1902 for burglary in Lorain, Ohio, walked out of the prison restaurant in Columbus and disappeared.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

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The Federal Circuit Court of San Francisco appointed Frederick S. Stratton, collector of that port, receiver of the Ocean Shore Railroad on application of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, which asserted that out-and-out

RAY LAMPHERE DIES, PLEADING INNOCENCE

Alleged Accomplice of Mrs. Belle Guinness, Archmurderess, Succumbs to Consumption.

Hired Hand on Murder Farm

Passes Away Without Making Confession Hoped for by Indiana Authorities.

DON'T BUTT IN.



COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL

CHICAGO.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of Chicago trades: "Trade generally closed the year's activities in a rather poor position. Annual balance inventories and necessary repairs drew monopole attention in the leading industries. The results have been equal to the expectations in various prominent branches and the outlook based upon the accumulations of forward orders is highly encouraging for the future."

"Weather conditions during the week favored an extended absorption of heavyweight apparel and other needs, but the storm-preserved freight movements, crop marketing and outdoor work. Wholesalers had large reorderings in dry goods, clothing and footwear, and the demand for sailing goods was well sustained. Winter stocks in dealers' hands have been comfortably reduced."

"Banking returns testify to largely augmented deposits at interior points. Manufacturing declines little, decline in operations with the year end. Money sustains a decidedly firm tone at 5 to 5½ per cent in choice commercial paper. Mercantile collections here and at Western points are satisfactory. Trading details furnish favorable comparison with previous experience. Bank clearings, \$225,740,322, exceed those of the corresponding week in 1908 by 4 per cent and compare with \$175,127,532 in 1907."

"Failure reports in the Chicago district number 19, against 34 last week, 43 in 1908 and 30 in 1907. Those with liabilities over \$5,000 number 4, against 11 last week, 11 in 1908 and 7 in 1907."

NEW YORK.

Quiet has followed the preceding week's rush of business in retail lines, while in wholesale lines salesmen are in from the road and inventory points to a satisfactory—in many sections, indeed, record—volume of business done in the year just closed, and the feeling is general that a still more satisfactory twelve-month faces the country's commercial and manufacturing interests."

The best reports as to the year's results come from the West and Northwest. In wholesale and jobbing lines a large if not, indeed, record spring business has been booked.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending Dec. 30 were 256, as against 264 last week, 299 in the like week of 1908, 185 in 1907, 220 in 1906 and 278 in 1905. Bradstreet's

MARKETS OF THE WEEK

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$4.00 to \$8.50; hogs, prime heavy, \$4.50 to \$8.75; sheep, fair to choice, \$4.50 to \$5.75; wheat No. 2, \$1.23 to \$1.27; corn, No. 2, 60¢ to 62¢; oats, standard, 43¢ to 44¢; rye No. 2, 78¢ to 79¢; hay, Timothy, \$10.00 to \$18.00; prairie, \$8.00 to \$15.00; butter, choice creamery, 30¢ to 35¢; eggs, fresh, 30¢ to 32¢; potatoes, per bushel, 35¢ to 50¢.

Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping \$3.00 to \$7.75; hogs, good to choice, heavy, \$3.50 to \$8.75; sheep, good to choice, \$2.25 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 2, \$1.22 to \$1.24; corn, No. 2 white, 61¢ to 62¢; oats, 61¢ to 62¢; rye, 35¢ to 40¢.

St. Louis—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$8.40; hogs, \$1.00 to \$8.75; sheep, \$3.00 to \$8.75; wheat, No. 2, \$1.23 to \$1.28; corn, No. 2 mixed, 61¢ to 62¢; oats, No. 2, 21¢ to 22¢; rye, 35¢ to 40¢.

Cincinnati—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$8.65; hogs, \$4.00 to \$8.65; sheep, \$3.00 to \$8.65; wheat, No. 2, \$1.23 to \$1.24; corn, No. 2 yellow, 62¢ to 64¢; oats, standard, 45¢ to 47¢; rye, No. 1, 76¢ to 77¢.

Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 northern, \$1.12 to \$1.15; corn, No. 3, 55¢ to 60¢; oats, standard, 45¢ to 50¢; rye, \$2.25 to 2.35.

Buffalo—Cattle, choice, shipping \$3.00 to \$7.75; hogs, \$2.50 to \$8.50; sheep, \$3.00 to \$8.50; wheat, No. 2, \$1.23 to \$1.24; corn, No. 2, 55¢ to 60¢; oats, 50¢ to 55¢; rye, 35¢ to 40¢.

New York—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$8.60; hogs, \$4.00 to \$8.60; sheep, \$3.00 to \$8.60; wheat, No. 2, \$1.23 to \$1.24; corn, No. 2 yellow, 62¢ to 64¢; oats, standard, 45¢ to 47¢; rye, No. 1, 76¢ to 77¢.

Detroit—Cattle, \$4.00 to \$5.75; hogs, \$4.00 to \$8.30; sheep, \$3.00 to \$5.00; wheat, No. 2, \$1.23 to \$1.24; corn, No. 2 yellow, 62¢ to 64¢; oats, standard, 45¢ to 47¢; rye, No. 1, 76¢ to 77¢.

At a meeting of directors elected at Pittsburgh a practical monopoly of the American glass market was assured when all but six of the independent window glass manufacturers closed the deal.

The board examined 328 inventions of protective devices offered, and of these only twelve were deemed worth testing at government expense.

The Northern Pacific has a fifty-two node poultry farm seventeen miles east of Seattle, Wash., with a profit of \$11,000. White Leghorn chickens, which provide an average of 150 dozen eggs per day.

The New York Central, not to be outdone by the Pennsylvania, has decided to put on soon a through train to be known as the Cleveland, so that the Southwest Limited may run from New York to St. Louis in twenty-four hours. "Transact-to-day's business in New York and to-morrow's in St. Louis" is the way the New York Central advertises the new train.

American farm



THE PUPPIT

THE GREAT ESTIMATE OF JESUS.

By Rev. James Moffat.

stand for at least half an hour before being put into the bath. Each sheep should be immersed in the dip for two minutes by the watch, the head being ducked at least once just before the animal emerges from the vat. Within ten or fourteen days the dipping should be repeated in order to kill all mites hatched since the first dipping, as the eggs are more resistant to the dips than are the mites. In this state sheep may be dipped in the winter if warm, dry days are selected for the purpose and the dipping discontinued in the middle of the afternoon. If the sheep, after being dipped, are allowed to stand for a few hours on the sunny side of a barn they will not chill as quickly as if turned inside a building at once. No abortions have been known to occur where ewes heavy with lamb were handled with any degree of gentleness. If a little precaution is used, no serious results will follow them from dipping in the winter.

Remove the Flies.

Two very simple things will reduce chances for germ diseases on the farm to a minimum. One is removing all flies as fast as it accumulates in distant fields, and the other is to make the wells, springs and cisterns safe from surface contamination. The farm water supply is an important one, either from an economic or health standpoint. It pays to construct a good system, and each individual farmer must work out his own system to best meet the home needs. The farm well should be located above rather than below the dwelling and other buildings. If there is a spring it will by nature be in a low place, and great care must be taken to keep all the ground above it for many rods absolutely clean. Emptying out slops from the sick room in case of typhoid has contaminated the water of a spring half a mile down a valley and given the whole family below the disease. This case illustrated how far disease bacteria will be carried by surface drainage.

The well, spring and cistern should be cleaned out at least once a year. The upper walling of the well should be laid in cement on the inside down to below surface drainage, even though the surroundings are kept clean. Water from manure in the garden and flower beds is apt to find its way into the well unless this precaution is taken. Banking up around the well and keeping the surface in a tough soil will help to drain away and filter out impurities. The cistern intake should be constructed in such a manner that the first rain from the roof can be diverted and none but the later clean water allowed to run in.

Farm Life.

There is a strong inclination among the people to congregate in cities instead of living an isolated life on the farm. Around 70 per cent of the population of the United States resides in cities and 30 per cent make their homes in the country and engage in agricultural exploitation. In the early history of the government 90 per cent of the population dwelt in rural communities and engaged in the occupation of cultivating the land. This was an era preceding the great industrial development of the natural resources of the country, and whose exploitation now furnishes employment to 70 per cent of the inhabitants.

In an early day people looked to the ownership of land and its cultivation as the most honorable and necessary of occupations. Even men of national reputation owned and cultivated farms.

When great cities were constructed and manufactures developed, a demand for laborers was created that rivaled agricultural exploitation. The natural gregarious disposition of the people was intensified and the population of cities increased faster than rural communities. The gregariousness of human nature reaches back to the nomadic life of the patriarchs of early history, who dwelt in communal villages. A hermit was a derelict in society and was regarded as possessing an abnormal temperament. Man naturally loves companionship and society, and this inclination is fully gratified by a residence in cities or rural villages.

The words of Christ also contain a generous estimate of His own friends. The eleven were at His side on that evening, and they might not have been there. Others, all over the country, had fallen away because the strain of loyalty proved too severe or because the novelty of the cause had paled, and one of the twelve at that very moment was hurrying along the dark street to betray him. Cowardice is an infectious spirit. But these men, though they had often questioned the wisdom of their leader and sometimes hesitated to follow Him, had never gone back. Their first impulse had settled down into a staunch, practical devotion, which Jesus, who knew what it meant for them to hold on, was forward to appreciate. It is true that their loyalty had not always been unbroken or intelligent. The range of Christ's temptations had been deeper than even the most intimate and thoughtful of His adherents could bear. But their fidelity had been a support.

Jesus could stand alone. But He never disguised His sensitiveness to affection, and whenever His friends could offer Him no counsel, perhaps but just unswerving loyalty, He would come it eagerly, as a proof of moral devotion. The great enemy of faithfulness is vanity. Many people will be loyal, but their devotion is really paid to an extension of their own interests and importance. These disciples of Jesus had overcome that temptation. They had mastered their prejudices and reluctance sufficiently to stay beside Him at all costs, instead of letting themselves be carried off by a thirst for praise or a fear of intimidation.

Don't forget that nothing will confirm imaginary principles like real profit from them.

That is why faithfulness often covers many a defect of roughness or dulness in life. Jesus had just overheard the disciples quarreling like children over a question of precedence. But under all these defects Jesus saw, with the insight of generosity, that they retained the redeeming feature of loyalty, and He praised them for it.

"Whatever else you have done or left undone, you have done one thing of which I am proud; you have lasted." Praise of this kind cannot have failed to make the disciples feel a trifle ashamed as they recollect how inadequately they had supported their leader, and how their loyalty had often covered secret misgivings and unworthy fears.

But, while the sincere heart almost shrinks from being praised, such words of Jesus serve to correct a mistaken estimate of the Christian vocation. They assure us that what God expects from us pre-eminently is fidelity. He prizes those who can be relied upon. We begin by putting a premium upon dazzling enterprises and striking deeds. But more and more, as the years pass, we understand the meaning of Christ's emphasis upon the power to last, and the satisfaction of being able to meet His demand for tenacity and steadfastness. Dr. Dale, in a letter to his brother, once wrote: "To do some great thing is the craving of early ambition; to do quiet duty honestly and without serious fails satisfies the heart when youth disappears." And it satisfies God. It is a great thing in His eyes—we might almost say it is the great thing—to be at your post, and to keep at your post, through all the vicissitudes and monotony of the long day. To get through the discipline without breaking down under the strain, or without breaking away from His control—who shall say that is a little thing? He will not.

It is the favorite hour for remissions. And so Jesus spoke for a moment of what lay behind Him and of the part which the disciples had played in the career which was now closing upon earth. "You are those who have stood by Me during My temptations." That is the great estimate of Jesus.

It is an estimate of His own life.

We speak of the temptation, as if the threefold experience at the opening of His ministry were the only or the chief period of temptation through which He had to pass till at the end.

He had to undergo His agony in Gethsemane. But the long interval between these crises had its own varied and continuous discipline. He was tempted by His enthusiasm and His fears, by His affections and His antipathies, tempted to lower His religion to the popular level, tempted to satisfy the craving for miracles or for political leadership, tempted even to avoid the shame of the cross. "He suffered, being tempted."

From one point of view, He could describe His life as "My temptations."

He seldom spoke of His inward life to the disciples; the deeper a nature is, the less demonstrative it is, and it was from His disciples, as from His own family, that some of the subtlest temptations to His fidelity had arisen. Probably they did not realize this to the full, though they must have been conscious of the threats leveled against Him by His opponents. In any case, it must have aroused pride to them to hear Him speak of "My temptations." People do not often realize that the outside service of life may have to be carried on, while inwardly the soul is fighting a battle of its own against treachery and weakness of will. No one seems to have suspected that Jesus, underneath the quiet, strong exterior of His character, had repeatedly to overcome the shrinking from pain, and the instinct for joy which are natural to our being, and which furnish the opportunity for some of our keenest temptations. But we have His word to it, and His word comes home to all who may feel now and then that life consists of little more than temptations, and that hardly any one realizes how much they have to try their faith and patience.

Some difficulties are more or less public property. Our friends cannot help seeing us face-to-face with them, and the consciousness of their sympathy, spoken or unspoken, nerve us against the strain.

Child of heaven, cast thou rapine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,

Armed by faith, and winged by prayer!

Heaven's eternal day before thee,

God's own hand shall guide thee

there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,

Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,

Hope shall change to glad fruition,

Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

FREE HUSBAND ARRESTED WIFE.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY CASE RESULTS IN COMPLETE REVERSAL.

When M. Harry Davidson faced Judge Hess in a Grand Rapids police court on a charge of assault and battery, preferred against him by his wife, Theresa Davidson, a peculiar state of affairs developed. Recently the wife filed suit for divorce. The other day when her husband came to her home for something the trouble started.

This would be a foolish world but for its tools.

Nothing feels the lack of exercise quicker than piety.

Nothing shocks the big sinner worse than little sins.

No man has the gospel unless his neighbors are glad of it.

Gossip is the power to put two and two together and make 25 out of them.

Folks who sit down in a soft place hope that it is an elevator and find it is a glue pot.

He who believes only in the things he receives at the hands of a negro Mar手段 shall make a statement to the officers charging that John Denny attacked him, and before he could offer resistance stabbed him three times, twice over the heart and once below that organ.

Following the stabbing, Denny fled and managed to elude the officers.

The youthful trio dividing the plunder.

While the children were removing the money from the till, their actions attracted the notice of a passerby, whose identification led to their apprehension.

The children's mother is a widowed dressmaker.

Elmer P. Mills, aged 62 years, of

Streetcar in Detroit.

Although 14 years old, Lila

Donelson led her two little brothers,

aged 12 and 9, in a daring robbery of a downtown tea store in Muskegon.

Going to the rear end of the store she gained entrance by picking the lock and then rifled the money drawer, the

children's mother is a widow

and regard her as serious.

WIFE SLAYER IS CONVICTED.

Clyde Bowen, wife murderer, was

found guilty of murder in the second

degree and was sentenced by Judge

Palmers of Newaygo to forty years im-

prisonment at hard labor at Jackson,

with a recommendation of thirty-five

years. The jury was out seven hours,

and regarded as serious.

MINOR STATE ITEMS.

Mark Makita, a Finnish miner, was

killed by a falling timber at the Lily

mine in Neoguane.

Miss Gladys McMillan, daughter of

Mrs. Spencer Penrose of Colorado

Springs and of the late James H. Mc-

Millan, sustained concussion of the

brain in a collision of an auto and a

streetcar in Detroit.

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and regard her as serious.

USES BLOOD TO WRITE NOTE.

Attempt to Suicide by Bay City Man.

Fellows Alleged Attack.

Edward Kinney, aged 32, is at the

Mercy Hospital in Bay City with a bullet

in his chest, following an attempt at suicide.

The shooting followed an attack he is alleged to have made upon

Miss Eva Rattelle in his home. When

the police went to Kinney's residence

it was found he had attempted to

write a message to his wife on a wall

by dipping his fingers in blood.

MICHIGAN MATTERS

NEWS OF THE WEEK

CONCISELY CONDENSED.

AN ENOCH ABDEN AFFAIR.

Meets Wife After 32 Years Both Remarried and Have Families.

Each having been informed and believing that the other was dead, and having remarried, A. E. Mead of Brant township, Saginaw county, and his wife, who left him 32 years ago, have just met for the first time since their separation, although they have been living within twenty miles of each other for the last twenty-five years.

She is living happily with her second husband in Owosso and he with his second wife on a farm in Brant township, and each have several children.

Mr. and Mrs. Mead formerly lived at Ovid, where he was employed in a mill. Dissensions arose and one night Mrs. Mead left home, taking their baby daughter, Anna, with her. Mead made efforts to locate his wife but failed, and finally drifted to California and from there to Oklahoma, later coming back to Michigan and settling in Grant township. Meantime he had been told that his wife and child were dead and he remarried. For some time he has been working in the Owosso sugar factory. Recently Otto Koerner came to the factory to repair the boilers. The latter told Mead of his domestic troubles and incidentally said that his wife's name was Mead when he married her. This led to a meeting of Mead and his daughter, and later with his lost wife, who is now Mrs. Charles Herman. In view of the circumstances Mead decided to leave conditions as they are.

FIGHTS FOES LONG; KILLS SELF.

Former Chitagoon Suicided in Michigan After Seeking Wife's Life.

Thwarted in an attempt to kill his wife, Thomas Botham, a retired farmer, 72 years old, committed suicide in St. Joseph rather than be taken alive by policemen who had cornered him in the second story of the home of his son-in-law. Returning home after having been released from the county jail, where he had been held on a charge of attempted murder, Botham attempted to invade the home of Hildebrand, his son-in-law, declaring he would kill his wife, who was there. Policeman Fisher was called and Botham opened fire on him. The policeman returned the shots. Botham then entered the house and drove Mrs. Botham, Hildebrand and the latter's daughter upstairs before him. Before Botham had a chance to attack his wife the two women were rescued by means of a ladder. The little girl jumped and was caught by the father. Botham barricaded the house's stairways and defied the police for hours. Early in the morning the police heard a shot from Botham's quarters and rushing up found he had shot himself. He died several hours later.

Botham's widow, Mrs. Botham, was

one resident of Clinton, where he

had been born in a land deal.

This is the final act.

KILLS MICHIGAN BOXING.

Governor Warner Instructs Sheriff to Enforce Law.

Governor Warner has sent a registered letter to every sheriff in the state calling attention to the state laws forbidding professional boxing and ordering that they be enforced to the letter.

This is the final act.

CRACK POSTOFFICE SAFE.

Yegkinn Get-Away with \$70 Worth of Stamps at Memphis.

The postoffice safe at Memphis was dynamited some time the other night and all of the stamps in the safe, \$70 worth, were taken by the "yegkinn," who made a getaway. When Postmaster Bywater entered the postoffice the next morning he found everything had been clamped down in the safe and that the contents of the safe had been made up.

This loss caused him to take the life of

the man with whom he had become involved.

<

Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.
For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

Journal of a Neglected Bulldog

By BARBARA BLAIR.

Say, it takes a fool to make a fool—of a man; doesn't it? To think that a clever, brainy man like my master would neglect an intelligent and gifted bulldog like this one! Why, she doesn't know anything—or, if she does, she is careful not to let anybody else know it.

She never says anything sensible, though I grant you she can chatter in an amusing enough way, that is for a woman. But her conversation doesn't appeal to me. Some people may like that sort of thing, but I don't. It's the ugliest thing I ever saw, than Mrs. Parker made it and insists that it will sell for two dollars. It's scare any self-respecting child into fits, but—oh, here it is under the pop corn balls and it's all sticky!

Girl in Pink—Where's that rag doll go? It's the ugliest thing I ever saw, than Mrs. Parker made it and insists that it will sell for two dollars. It's scare any self-respecting child into fits, but—oh, here it is under the pop corn balls and it's all sticky!

Chairman—Do try to have somebody at each booth in readiness when the doors open. It's so important to be ready for business at the very start!

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than Mrs. Parker made it and insists that it will sell for two dollars. It's scare any self-respecting child into fits, but—oh, here it is under the pop corn balls and it's all sticky!

Chairman—Do try to have somebody at each booth in readiness when the doors open. It's so important to be ready for business at the very start!

It is remarkable the things she can make him do with that smile. She doesn't say much at these times, she just looks up in his eyes and smiles, and—well, that smile does the rest.

She has a large assortment of smiles. When she turns her dreamy smile on him I have seen him tremble and sigh and grow pale. Absurd, I call it. I can show my teeth and grow savagely and he doesn't do any of these things.

If the girl frowns or looks as if she were going to cry, my master just laughs at her and calls her "baby." It is when she smiles that she seems to be afraid of her.

Odd that a smile should have such a remarkable effect upon him, isn't it? My smile don't.

I must say that she can smile in more ways in less time than any girl I ever saw—and being my master's dog, I have met a good many girls, in fact, almost all of his girls.

She has a dreamy smile and a merry smile, a rebuking smile and an innocent smile, a sarcastic smile and a haughty smile, a pleading smile and a questioning smile, a teasing smile and a loving smile. To be sure, my master doesn't call them these names; to him they are all "adorable" and "bewitching."

"Today she said to my master:

"Don't you think, dear Bob, is very interesting?" (Incapable smile.)

"No," said my master, in a voice very much like mine, "I don't."

"He has such beautiful eyes. Don't you just love his eyes?" (Dreamy smile.)

"That is the second time you have told me about Bob's eyes," growled my master. "It seems to me you are thinking a good deal about Bob lately."

"I have mentioned him several times, haven't I? I wonder?" (Questioning smile.)

"There is no doubt in my mind that you care a good deal more for him than you do for me. Now, if—

"Why, surely, dear, you are not jealous?" (Rebuking smile.)

"Jealous? Of course not. Absurd! As if I could be jealous of an insufferable bore, a conceited idiot, a brainless, vapid, empty, intolerable little sputhead like Bob."

"Gr—gr—gr—grrrr! I couldn't have done it better myself."

"Why, everyone says he is so clever. He is the most popular man I know. And he has such charming manners; he is so gentle and always speaks so well of everyone. And you know, dear, his eyes are attractive. When he looks at me in that charming little way, I must confess I—" (Eloquent pause, dreamy smile.)

"My master sprang to his feet, and stood by his side; my teeth showing and my hair bristling.

"How wonderfully nice you two look!" (Feeling smile.)

"You are a wretched little flirt," cried my master.

"Gr—gr—gr—grrrr," I added.

"Oh, Jack," (Pained smile.) "Why, Jack, I just couldn't flirt, no matter how hard I should try. That is my greatest fault."

"Quite so," snapped master.

"Gr—gr—gr—grrrr, I said, savagely.

"I mean it is my greatest fault, that I always say exactly what I feel. Jack, dear, you know this?" (Pleading smile.)

"I wish I could think so," said my master, "but—

I lay down again.

"You must think so, you dear old boy. Please don't be horrid any more, Jack. If you knew how unhappy you make me when you are—" (Loving smile.)

I didn't hear any more until my master said "Good-night" an hour later.

I love my master, but oh, you girls!

Swarming Bee Scout.

Swarms of bees are sometimes compelled to take refuge in very remarkable shelters. A peculiar and instructive instance was observed by the writer in the spring of 1908. The swarm flew over a large vineyard which contained low buildings. One of these buildings was constructed of hollow concrete blocks. The swarm flew directly toward a small hole in one of the blocks and disappeared in the interior. No doubt the swarm had rested on a tree or shrub on the preceding day and had sent out scouts to seek a home.

The scouts found the little hole leading into the great cavity of the concrete block, and reported their discovery to their comrades. This case furnishes indisputable proof that swarms of bees really send out scouts, as they are believed to do, for the little hole could not have been discovered in the rapid and toby flight of the swarm.—*Scientific American*.

AT THE BAZAAR

SHE WAS SURPRISED

(It is the opening night of one of the many bazaars now epidemic throughout the city. There is great rushing about of pretty girls in white and blue and pink and of harassed and worried older women with responsibility weighing them down and no time to readjust stray puffs and jabots gone askew.)

Chairman—Do try to have somebody at each booth in readiness when the doors open. It's so important to be ready for business at the very start!

Girl in Pink—Where's that rag doll go? It's the ugliest thing I ever saw, than Mrs. Parker made it and insists that it will sell for two dollars. It's scare any self-respecting child into fits, but—oh, here it is under the pop corn balls and it's all sticky!

Chairman—Do try to have somebody at each booth in readiness when the doors open. It's so important to be ready for business at the very start!

It is remarkable the things she can make him do with that smile. She doesn't say much at these times, she just looks up in his eyes and smiles, and—well, that smile does the rest.

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LITTLE MAN TO BE PROUD OF

Kind Act of Youngster That Delighted Occupants of Philadelphia Car.

A pretty incident occurred the other day on a street car, says the Philadelphia Record. A young mother with a curly-headed little boy, apparently about six years old, boarded the car. Further up the street an old lady, poorly dressed, got on. All the seats were occupied, and the little man, without being prompted by the mother, at once climbed down from his seat and doffed his cap, offered the seat to the old woman. The latter smiled gratefully, but hesitated in accepting the kindness of the child. The mother, pride beaming in her eyes, insisted on the aged woman, who could scarcely keep her feet in the lurching car, taking the proffered seat. The boy stood in the aisle holding on to the back of the chair and, opening a paper bag, took out two oranges and placed them in the lap of the old woman, with the observation: "Please take these home to your little boy." Tears welled in the dimmed eyes as the woman replied: "No, my dear little man, my little boy went to sleep when he was just your age."

"It's lovely theory," Mrs. Jennings broke the silence.

"What?" demanded Jennings.

She smiled at him sweetly. "Why, this quiet evening at home," she said, "I'm so glad we both take enjoyment in such simple real pleasures! It must be perfectly awful to be like some people—never content unless they are racing about from one thing to another! It's dreadful!"

"I b—h," agreed Jennings, deep in his latest book.

"I'm sure," pursued Mrs. Jennings with a pretty smile of horror, "that he's the finest man in the world. But he isn't—not by a good deal! I guess I ought to know, because I'm pretty well satisfied with my own husband. Not that I want to batcher you, Henry, but there aren't many as look good as Mr. Kibbell."

"I suppose he's all right," concurred Mrs. Jennings with reluctance. "He's the finest man in the world. But he isn't—not by a good deal! I guess I ought to know, because I'm pretty well satisfied with my own husband. Not that I want to batcher you, Henry, but there aren't many as look good as Mr. Kibbell."

"I suppose he's all right," agreed Mrs. Jennings with reluctance. "He's the finest man in the world. But he isn't—not by a good deal! I guess I ought to know, because I'm pretty well satisfied with my own husband. Not that I want to batcher you, Henry, but there aren't many as look good as Mr. Kibbell."

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PUSHED CLOUDIER TOO FAR

Everything Would Have Been Lovely If Teacher Had Stopped with the First Verse.

A teacher in a Philadelphia Sunday school was so proud of her flock that she invited several visiting ministers and elders to attend one of her classes and be encouraged and uplifted by the observation of juvenile proficiency in Scriptural studies.

The session opened auspiciously. Little girls with yellow plaited and black braids clasped their